

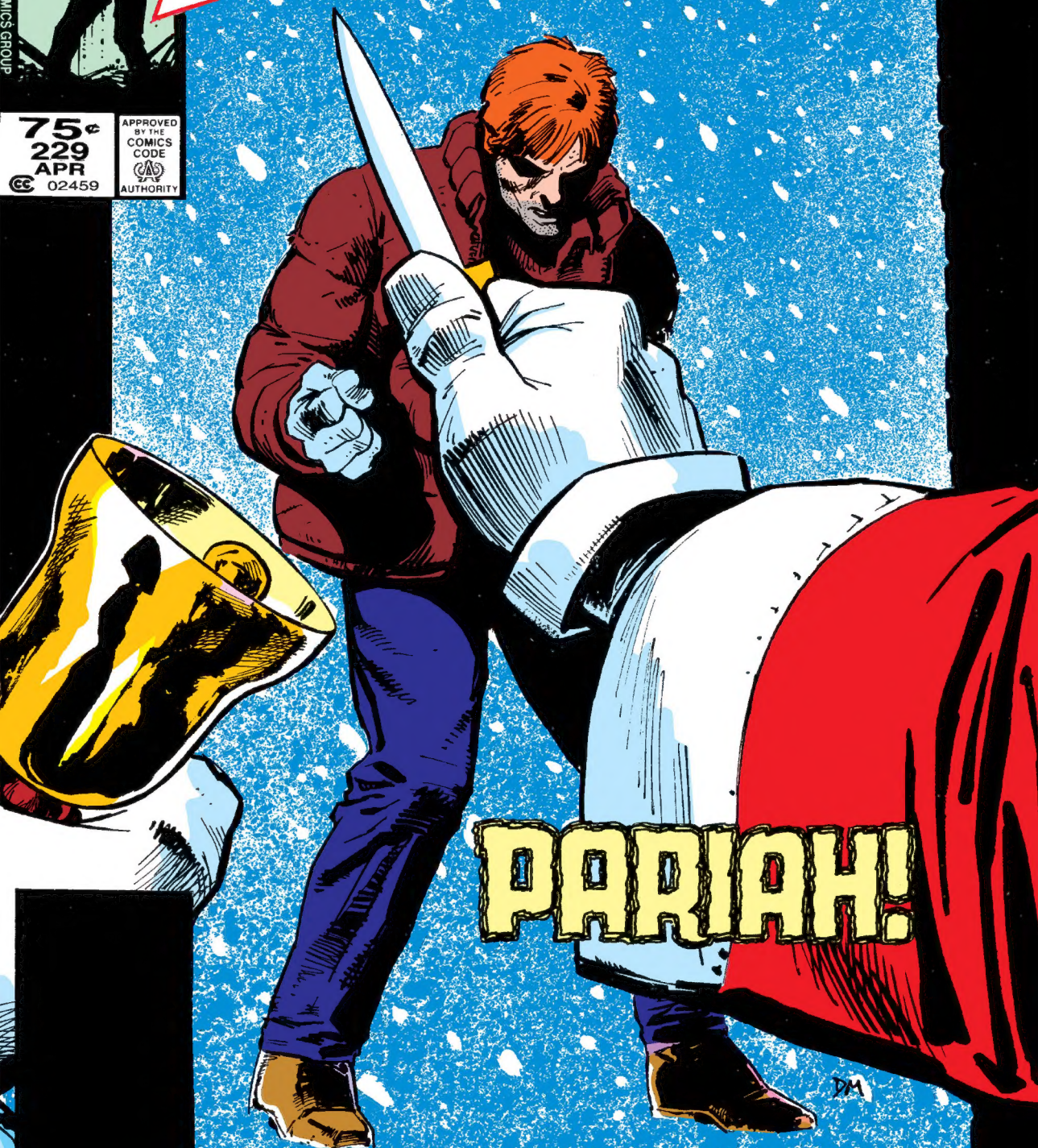
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DAREDEVIL®



PARRIAH!

DM



I NEVER BELIEVED... THAT
BUSINESS OF YOUR LIFE
FLASHING IN FRONT OF
YOU BEFORE YOU DIE...

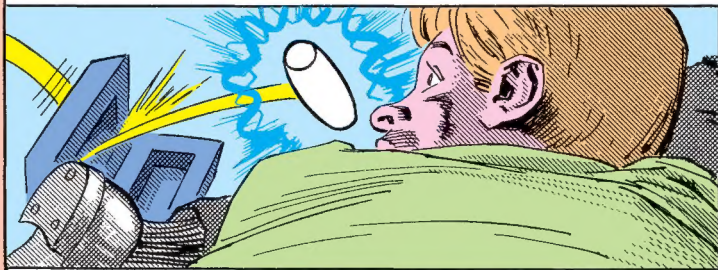
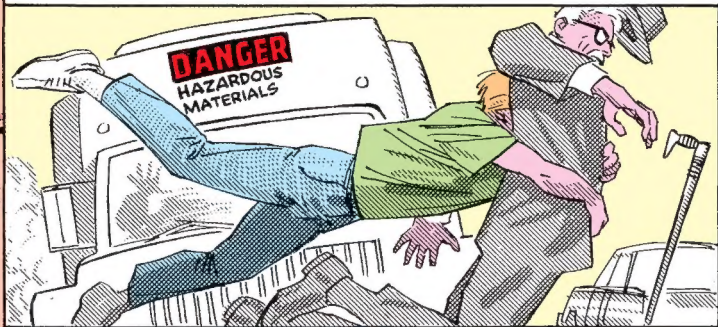
...NEVER THOUGHT...
THERE COULD BE
ENOUGH TIME...
THERE'S TOO MUCH
TO LIFE...

...BUT THERE'S REALLY
...HORRIBLY LITTLE...
THAT COUNTS...



... A SUNNY DAY...
BRIGHT AND PRETTY...

THE LAST DAY...
I WILL EVER SEE...



-- BRAVEST
THING I EVER SAW!
BUT HIS FACE--
HIS EYES...

THAT THING
THAT FELL FROM
THE TRUCK-- IS IT--

LOOK AT
HIS FACE--

-- THAT THING--
IS IT--

-- IS IT
RADIOACTIVE?

YES...



...YES, IT COURSES
THROUGH MY BLOOD.
IT CHANGES ME.

MY BLOOD...
IT BURNS...

...IT SPURTS FROM A HEART
THAT'S POUNDING SO LOUDLY
IT'S TRYING TO BURST FROM
MY CHEST--

-- MY BLOOD-- IT GUSHES
THROUGH HIGH POWER HOSES
AND SLAMS AGAINST THE
BASE OF MY SKULL.

EVERYTHING HURTS.

I DON'T KNOW
WHERE I AM.

SANDPAPER SCRAPES MY SKIN EVERY
TIME I MOVE-- NO-- NOT SANDPAPER--
SHEETS-- STARCHED SHEETS--

--I'M IN A BED--
SOMEWHERE--

--AND THE SMELLS...

... CHEMICAL SMELLS.
DISINFECTANTS.

HOSPITAL. I'M IN
A HOSPITAL.

THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN ON SCREAM-
ING HINGES. PEOPLE COME AND GO,
SMELLING LIKE BATHTUBS FULL OF
SWEAT-- SMELLING LIKE EATEN FOOD
--LIKE ITALIAN SAUCES AND HALF-
DIGESTED EGGS--

--THEY STAB ME WITH LONG SHARP
NEEDLES. THEY FILL ME WITH DRUGS.
BUT THE DRUGS DON'T FOOL ME.
I KNOW THEY CUT MY FACE.

I CAN FEEL IT YOU IDIOTS--
CAN'T YOU SEE THERE'S NOTHING
YOU CAN DO TO STOP ME FROM
FEELING IT?

EVERYTHING HURTS.



YOU CAN ONLY STAND
SO MUCH.

I WRITHE
AND SCREAM--

--BUT EVEN MY OWN
SCREAM IS TOO LOUD
SO I HAVE TO STOP--

--AND ALL I
WANT IS TO
DIE...

... BUT I DON'T DIE,
SO I HAVE TO MAKE DO.

AFTER A TIME I SOMEHOW
SHUT OUT JUST ENOUGH...
AFTER A TIME IT'S ONLY
AGONY.

THEN, PAST THE FUMES OF
WHATEVER IT IS THEY USE
TO CLEAN THE FLOOR, THERE
COMES A WAVE OF WHISKEY
--A MEGAPHONE VOICE...

SON?

CAN YOU
HEAR ME, SON?

HEAR YOU--WHAT DO YOU
EXPECT--YOU'RE SHOUTING--

THE DOCTORS...THEY
SAY YOU'LL BE FINE, SON.


--LIKE ALL THE REST--BREATHES
LIKE HE'S A HUNDRED FEET TALL...

YOU'RE A HERO, BOY.

...SO BIG...IT'S LIKE
I'M IN HIM...IT'S...

YOU JUST REST NOW.

...IS THAT MY FATHER?



DAD'S ANXIETY PAINTS
THE WORLD RED. HE
FINALLY LEAVES AND IT'S
ANOTHER NIGHT OF
TERROR AND THE ENDLESS
COUGHING OF SOMEONE
DOWN THE HALL.

THEN... SOFT STEPS
...A SOFT WOMAN'S
SCENT...

...A SOFT VOICE...

WHY DOES
IT HURT?

SO LOUD...
SO SMELLY...
EVERYTHING...

I
SEE...

SHE BREATHES, DOWN THE
HALL THE COUGHING SUBSIDES.

WHEN SHE SPEAKS AGAIN
IT'S A GENTLE WHISPER.

THIS... MAY
NOT BE A *BAD*
THING. WHAT YOU
COULD *DO* WITH
IT...

DO...
WITH IT?

JUST THINK OF IT.
IT'S A *BLESSING*,
MATT.

IT'S *YOURS*.
YOURS.

AND IT'S *OUR*
SECRET. DON'T
TELL *ANYONE*.

PROMISE
ME NOW...

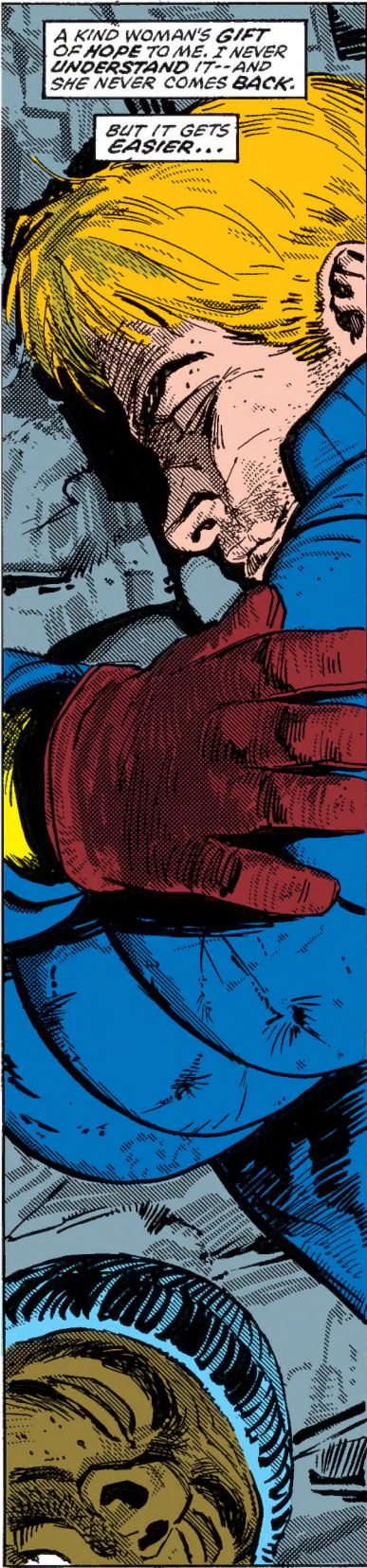
WHO *ARE*
YOU?

LIPS, WARM... KISS-
ING MY FOREHEAD...
LOVING...

...AND SOMETHING HARD,
DANGLING FROM HER NECK...

IT'S A CROSS...
MADE OF GOLD...

PROMISE
ME...



A KIND WOMAN'S GIFT
OF HOPE TO ME. I NEVER
UNDERSTAND IT--AND
SHE NEVER COMES BACK.

BUT IT GETS
EASIER...

IT'S OKAY,
DAD. I'M
AWAKE.

SON...HOW'D
YOU KNOW I
WAS HERE?

COULD HEAR
YOU A MILE OFF.
SIT DOWN, DAD.

WE HAVE TO
TALK, MATT.
MAN TO MAN.

I'M ALL
EARS, DAD.

IT'S ABOUT THE
ACCIDENT, SON. YOU
WERE HIT BY SOME-
THING SOME CORPORA-
TION WAS DRIVING
THROUGH TOWN. RIGHT
THROUGH TOWN.

THEY WON'T SAY IF IT
WAS RADIOACTIVE. THEY
WON'T EVEN TALK TO ME.

IT MESSED YOU UP PRETTY
BADLY, MATT. YOUR FACE...
WELL, I'M AMAZED WHAT THEY
WERE ABLE TO DO WITH IT.
YOU'RE GOING TO LOOK
GOOD AS NEW. BUT...

...IT'S YOUR
EYES, SON.
THEY...

I KNOW I'M BLIND,
DAD. THERE AREN'T ANY
BANDAGES ON MY EYES--
AND I'VE NEVER HEARD OF
A HOSPITAL WITHOUT
LIGHTS.

YOU...YOU'RE
TAKING IT WELL,
SON...

YES...

...I PROMISED...

...I KEEP MY HEIGHTENED
SENSES SECRET...EVEN
FROM DAD...

...I FIND A TEACHER
WHO HELPS ME
MASTER THEM...

...AND DAD IS
MURDERED AND I
BECOME DAREDEVIL
AND FIGHT CRIME...

...AND OTHER
THINGS HAPPEN.
A HOME. A
CAREER...

...BUT THE OTHER
THINGS ARE GONE
NOW SO THEY DON'T
MATTER...

...GONE...THE KINGPIN
TOOK THEM AWAY. FOUND
OUT MY SECRET IDENTITY
AND TOOK EVERYTHING
AWAY...

...AND I ATTACKED
HIM...

...AND HE
KILLED ME.

Stan Lee
presents

PARIAH!

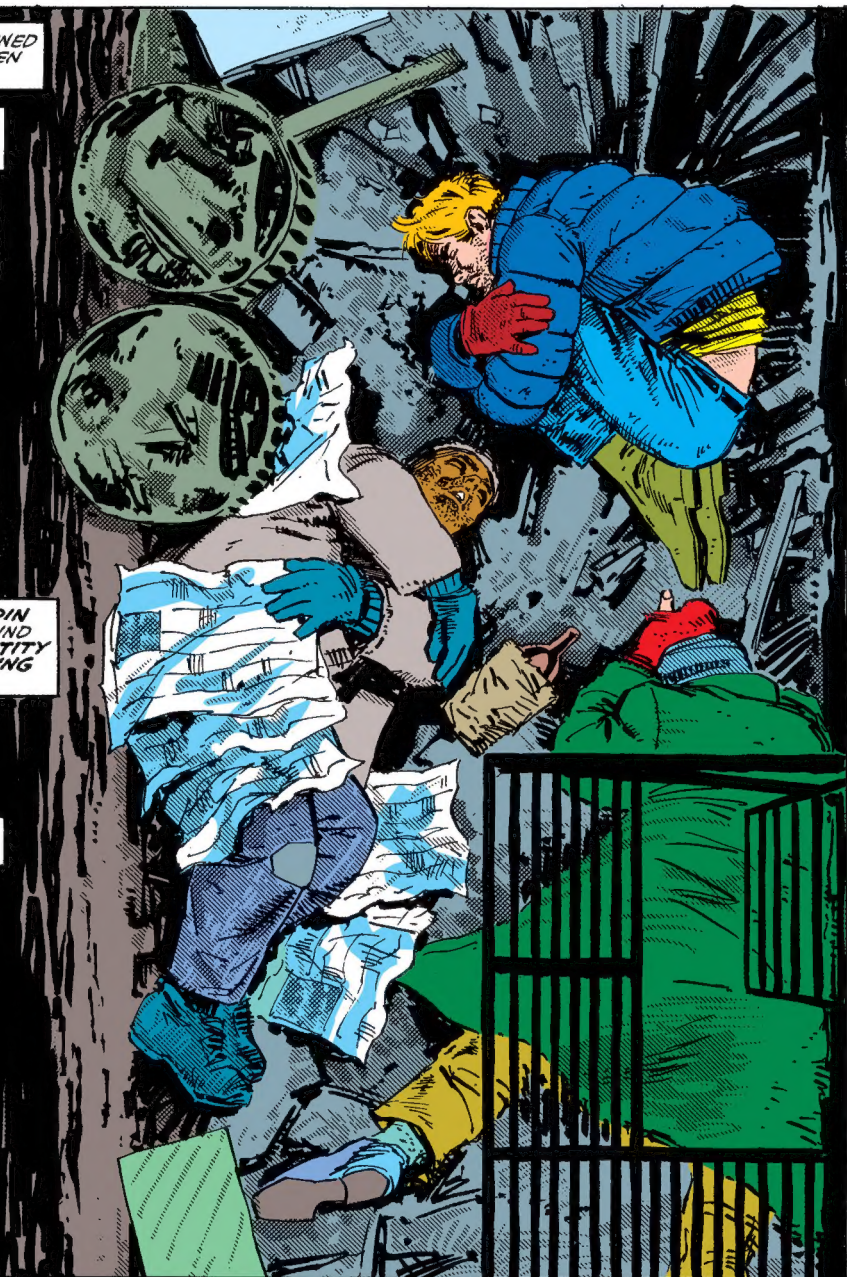
by FRANK MILLER and DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

CHRISTIE SCHEELE
COLORS

JOE ROSEN
LETTERS

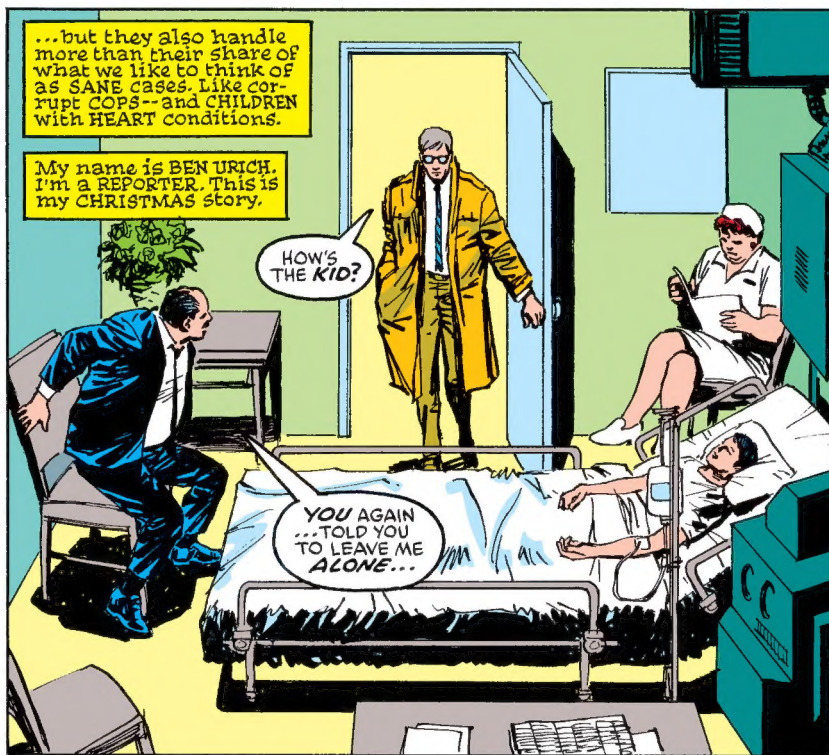
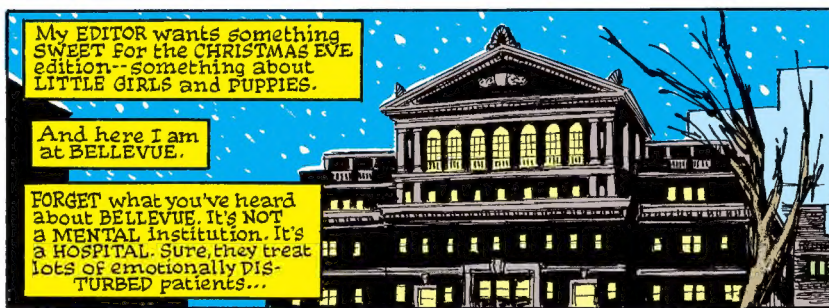
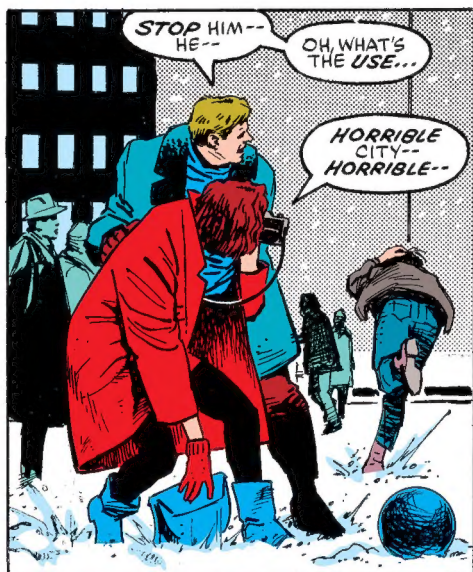
RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR IN CHIEF













CHRISTMAS EVE--HOW CAN IT
BE CHRISTMAS EVE WHEN IT'S
SO HOT--

-- CHRISTMAS IS
SNOW AND FIRE-
PLACES AND LOVED
ONES AND PRESENTS--

-- IT ISN'T THE MEXICAN
SUN AND QUAKING
FROM HEAD TO TOE
FROM HEROIN WITH-
DRAWAL--



-- IT ISN'T ROBBING A
BLIND MAN--THE SECOND
I'VE ROBBED, THINKS
KAREN PAGE--

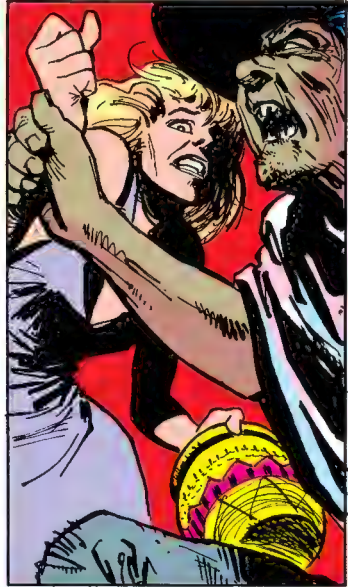
-- MATT--I ROBBED MATT
TOO--SOLD HIS SECRET
IDENTITY FOR A FIX--

-- AND NOW I NEED ANOTHER FIX
AND I NEED TO GET TO NEW YORK
AND I NEED MATT TO SAVE ME FROM
MEN WHO ARE TRYING TO KILL ME--
I NEED MONEY--

--THE SECOND BLIND MAN I'VE
ROBBED--BUT THIS ONE CATCHES ME--



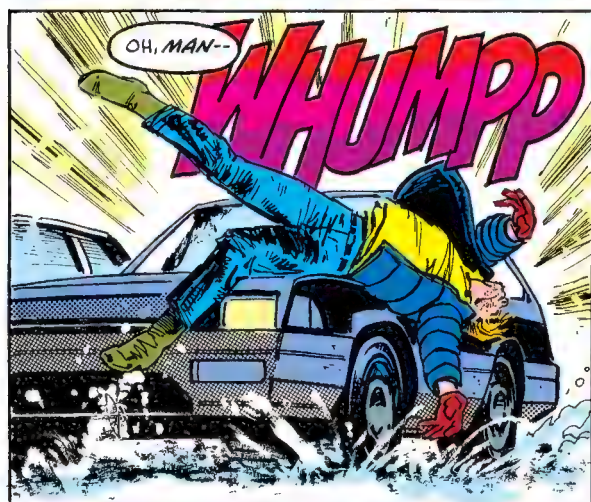
-- SCREAMS
AND WON'T STOP
SCREAMING--



-- KEEP MOVING--

-- DON'T THINK--

--THE KILLERS CAN'T
BE FAR BEHIND--



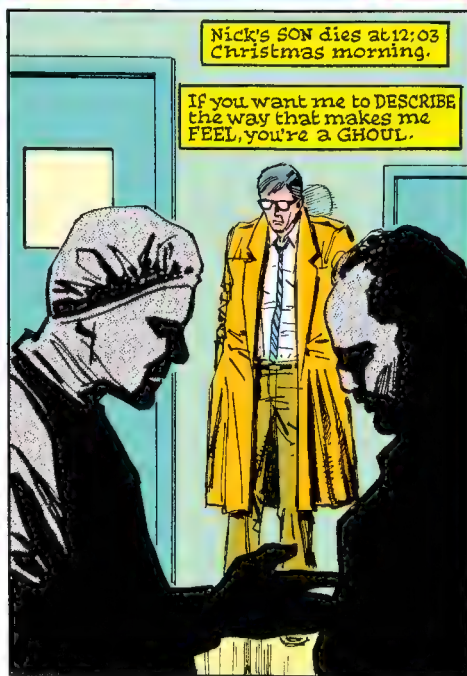
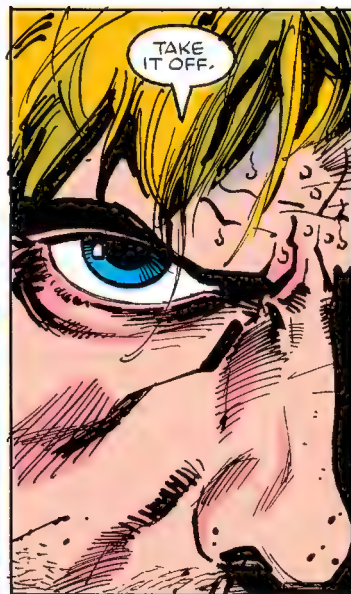


I MISS YOU **TOO**, MOM. IT'S... WELL, IT'S **MATT**-- YOU KNOW, MY **PARTNER**--OR AT LEAST HE **USED** TO BE MY **PARTNER**--HE'S IN A LOT OF **TROUBLE**. IT'S KIND OF HARD TO **EXPLAIN**...



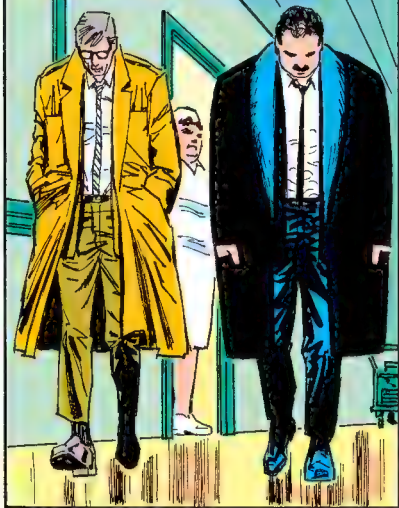
...OH, THINGS ARE GOING **REAL WELL**. I'VE GOTTEN SEVERAL **JOB OFFERS**... YES, I KNOW YOU SAID I WOULD. ONE IN PARTICULAR LOOKS QUITE **GOOD**. ALMOST **TOO GOOD**... NO, I DON'T KNOW WHAT I MEANT BY THAT...





He TALKS. None of it makes much SENSE. But it WILL. I've got my STORY.

I've also got a world class NICOTINE FIT. So I lead him OUT-- to the PARKING LOT--



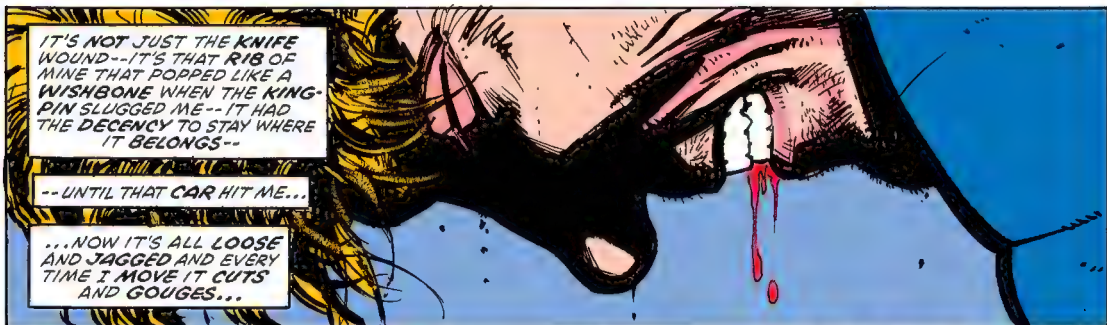
-- where I don't EXPECT to have to Face any grouchy NURSES.



IT'S NOT JUST THE KNIFE WOUND--IT'S THAT RIB OF MINE THAT POPPED LIKE A WISHBONE WHEN THE KING-PIN SLUGGED ME-- IT HAD THE DECENCY TO STAY WHERE IT BELONGS--

-- UNTIL THAT CAR HIT ME...

...NOW IT'S ALL LOOSE AND JAGGED AND EVERY TIME I MOVE IT CUTS AND GOUGES...



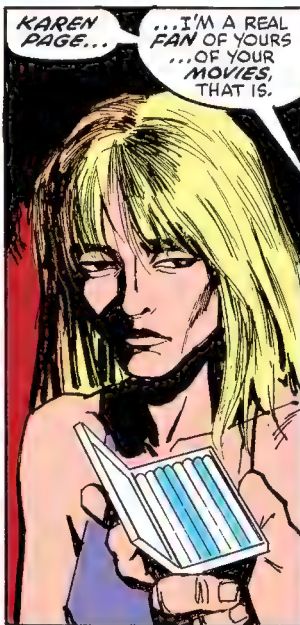
... I KEEP WALKING...

...JUST BECAUSE IT'S HARD TO...



KAREN PAGE...

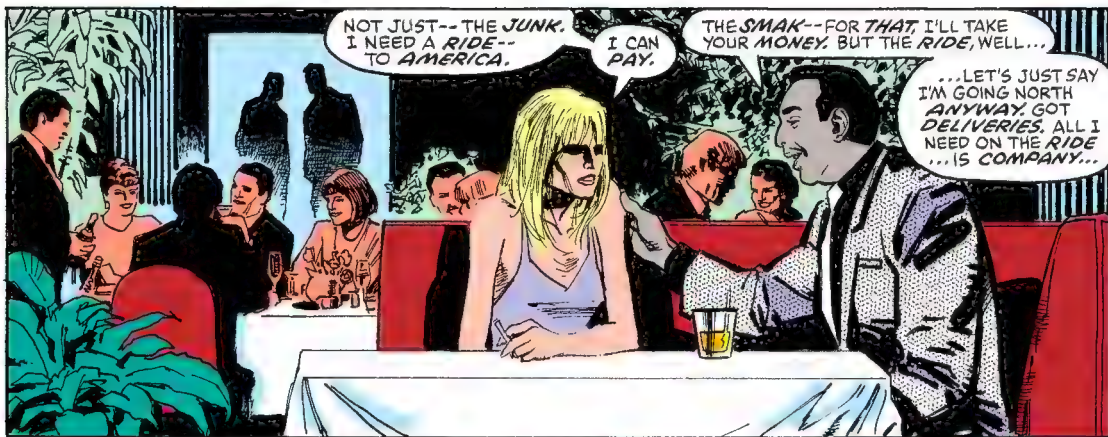
...I'M A REAL FAN OF YOURS ...OF YOUR MOVIES, THAT IS.



I NEED--

I CAN SEE WHAT YOU NEED.



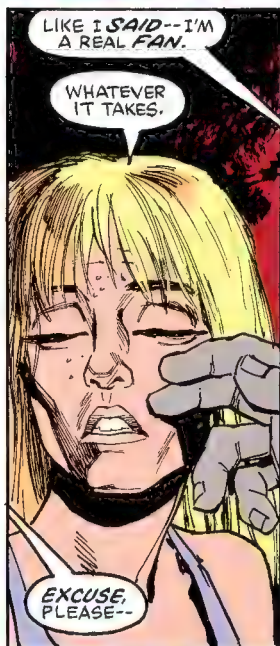


NOT JUST-- THE JUNK.
I NEED A RIDE--
TO AMERICA.

I CAN
PAY.

THE *SMACK*--FOR THAT, I'LL TAKE
YOUR MONEY. BUT THE *RIDE*, WELL...

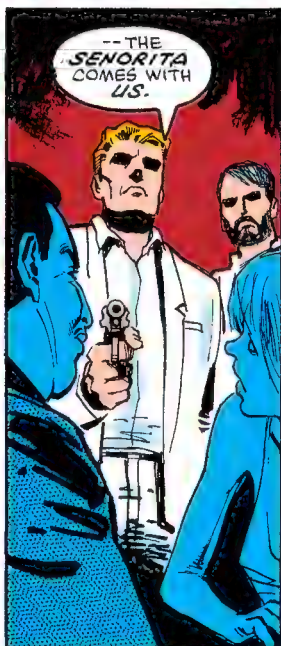
...LET'S JUST SAY
I'M GOING NORTH
ANYWAY. GOT
DELIVERIES. ALL I
NEED ON THE RIDE
...IS COMPANY...



LIKE I SAID--I'M
A REAL FAN.

WHATEVER
IT TAKES.

EXCUSE,
PLEASE--



--THE
SEÑORITA
COMES WITH
US.



KBLAMMM

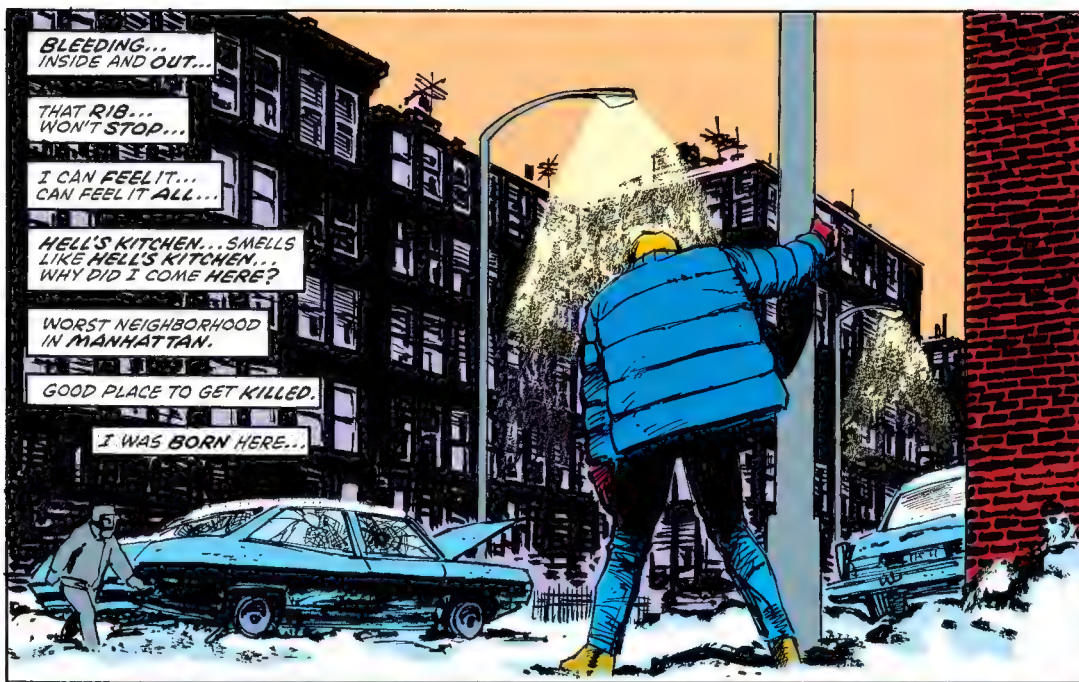


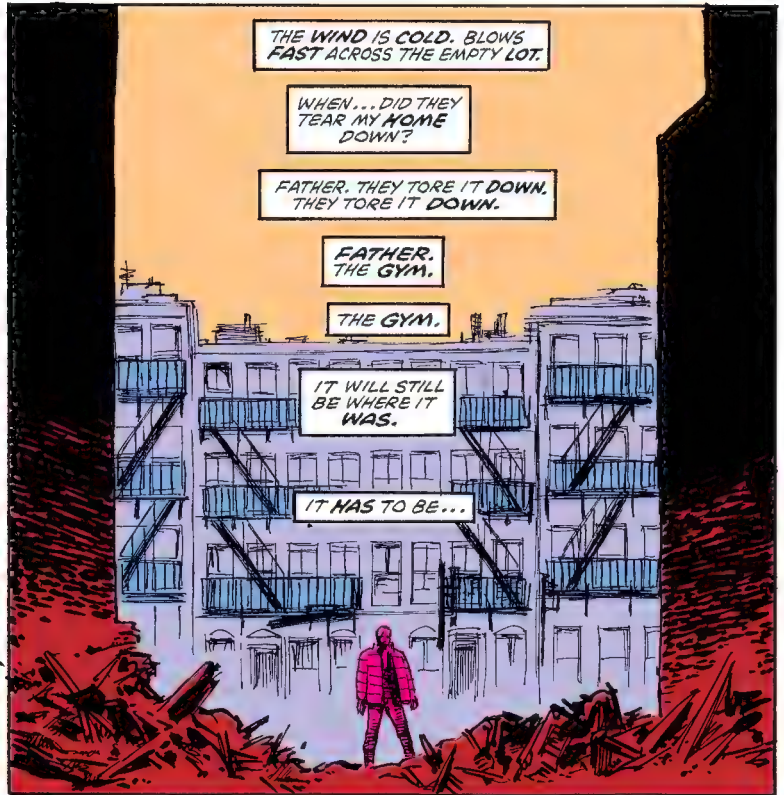
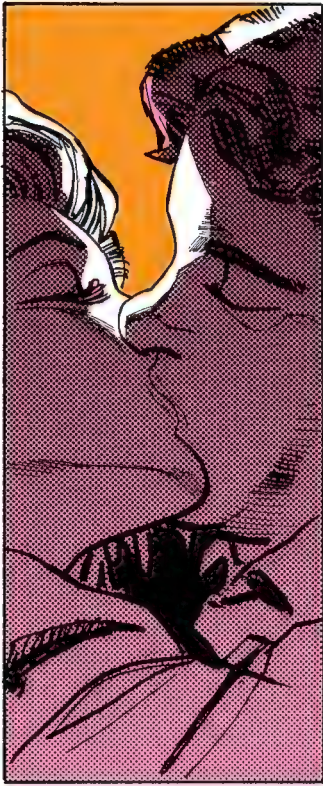
KBLAMMM

FUPP



YOU BETTER
BE WORTH
THIS...





THE WIND IS COLD. BLOWS
FAST ACROSS THE EMPTY LOT.

WHEN...DID THEY
TEAR MY HOME
DOWN?

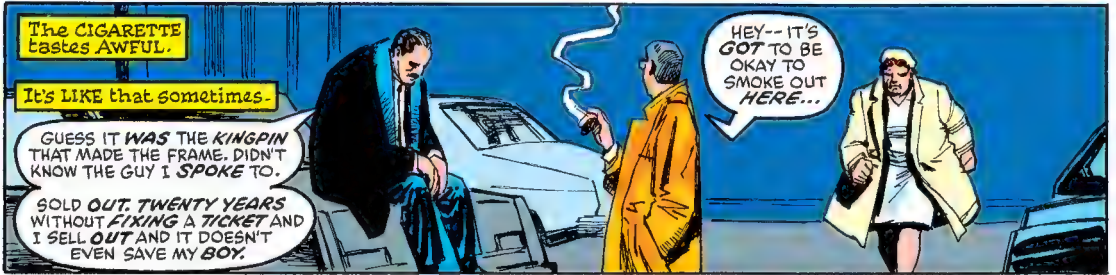
FATHER. THEY TORE IT DOWN.
THEY TORE IT DOWN.

FATHER.
THE GYM.

THE GYM.

IT WILL STILL
BE WHERE IT
WAS.

IT HAS TO BE...



The CIGARETTE
tastes AWFUL.

It's LIKE that sometimes.

GUESS IT WAS THE KINGPIN
THAT MADE THE FRAME. DIDN'T
KNOW THE GUY I SPOKE TO.

SOLD OUT. TWENTY YEARS
WITHOUT FIXING A TICKET AND
I SELL OUT AND IT DOESN'T
EVEN SAVE MY BOY.

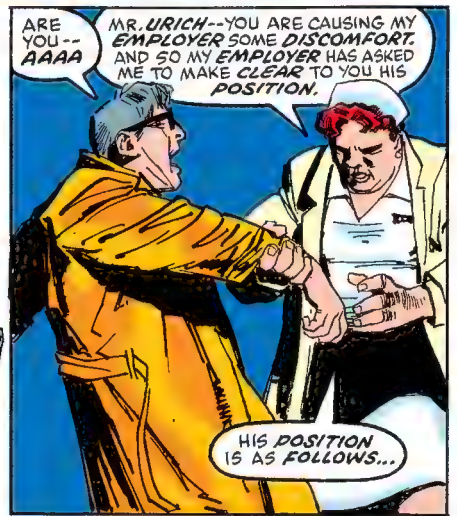
HEY-- IT'S
GOT TO BE
OKAY TO
SMOKE OUT
HERE...



DIDN'T EVEN
SAVE MY B--

WHAT IN--

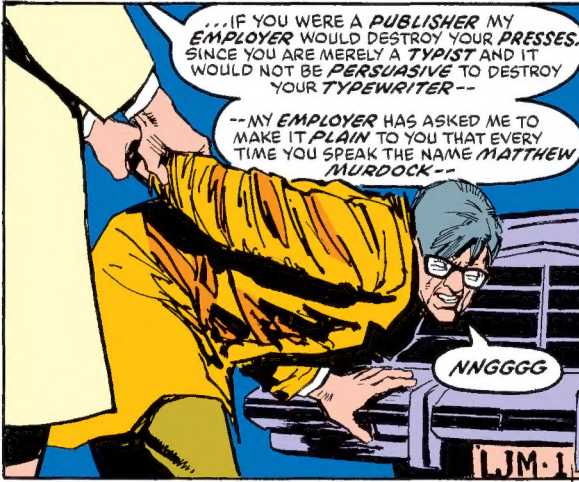
THWAKK



ARE
YOU--
AAAA

MR. URICH--YOU ARE CAUSING MY
EMPLOYER SOME DISCOMFORT.
AND SO MY EMPLOYER HAS ASKED
ME TO MAKE CLEAR TO YOU HIS
POSITION.

HIS POSITION
IS AS FOLLOWS...



...IF YOU WERE A *PUBLISHER* MY *EMPLOYER* WOULD DESTROY YOUR *PRESSES*. SINCE YOU ARE MERELY A *TYPIST* AND IT WOULD NOT BE *PERSUASIVE* TO DESTROY YOUR *TYPEWRITER*--

--MY *EMPLOYER* HAS ASKED ME TO MAKE IT *PLAIN* TO YOU THAT EVERY TIME YOU SPEAK THE NAME *MATTHEW MURDOCK*--

NNGGGG

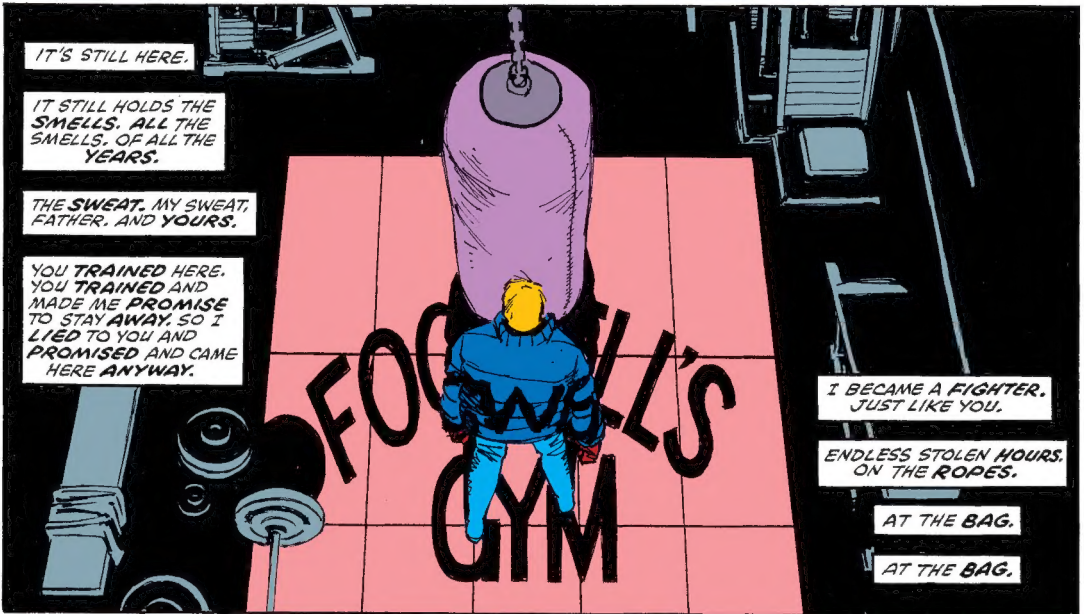


--YOU SHALL *LOSE* THE USE OF YOUR *FINGERS*.



The *WORST* thing is that I *DON'T* pass out.

I get to *SEE* what *she* does to *NICK MANOLIS*.



IT'S STILL HERE.

IT STILL HOLDS THE *SMELLS*. ALL THE *SMELLS*. OF ALL THE *YEARS*.

THE *SWEAT*. MY *SWEAT*. FATHER. AND *YOURS*.

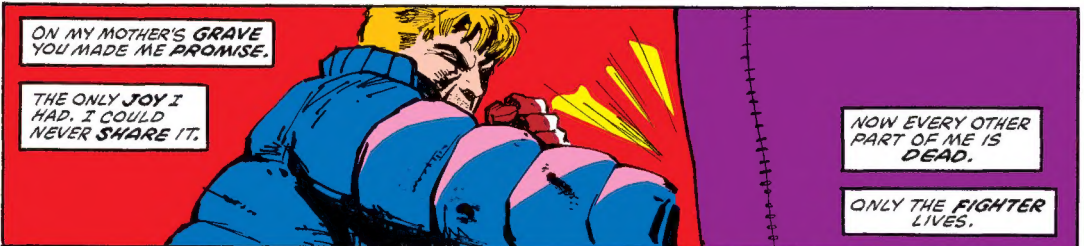
YOU *TRAINED* HERE. YOU *TRAINED* AND MADE ME *PROMISE* TO STAY AWAY. SO I *LIED* TO YOU AND *PROMISED* AND CAME HERE *ANYWAY*.

I BECAME A *FIGHTER*. JUST LIKE YOU.

ENDLESS *STOLEN HOURS*. ON THE *ROPE*S.

AT THE *BAG*.

AT THE *BAG*.

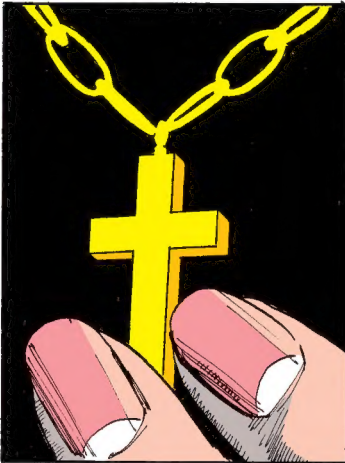
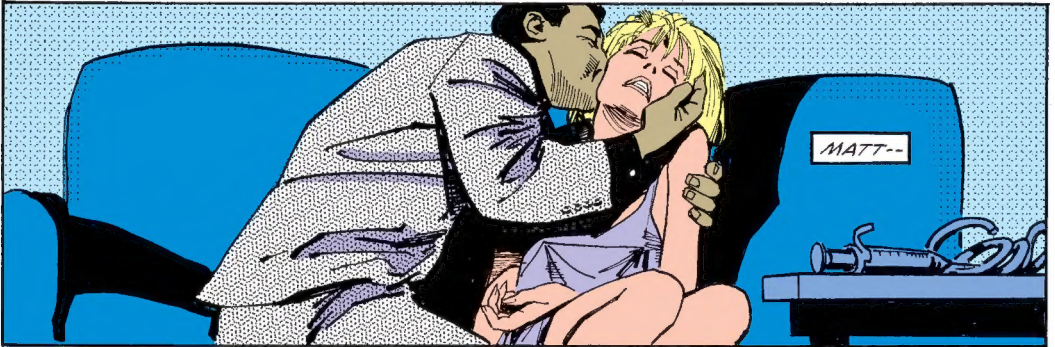
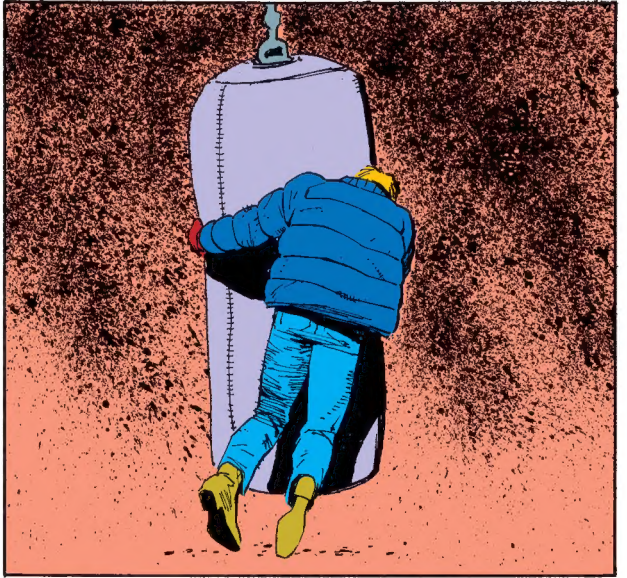


ON MY *MOTHER'S GRAVE* YOU MADE ME *PROMISE*.

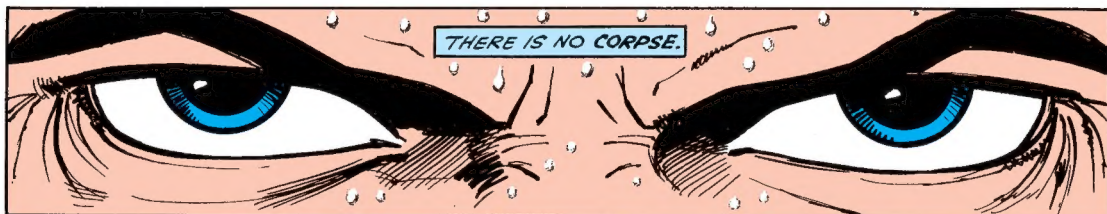
THE ONLY *JOY* I HAD. I COULD NEVER *SHARE* IT.

NOW EVERY OTHER PART OF ME IS *DEAD*.

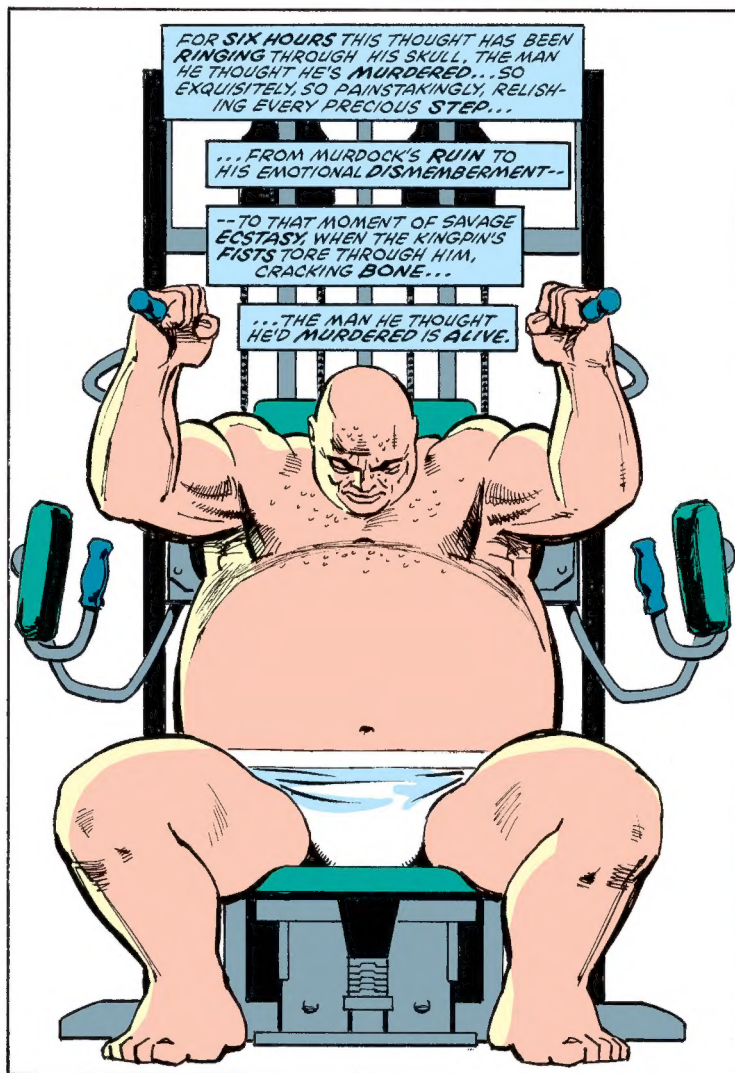
ONLY THE *FIGHTER* LIVES.







THERE IS NO CORPSE.



FOR SIX HOURS THIS THOUGHT HAS BEEN RINGING THROUGH HIS SKULL, THE MAN HE THOUGHT HE'S MURDERED... SO EXQUISITELY, SO PAINSTAKINGLY, RELISHING EVERY PRECIOUS STEP...

...FROM MURDOCK'S RUIN TO HIS EMOTIONAL DISMEMBERMENT--

--TO THAT MOMENT OF SAVAGE ECSTASY, WHEN THE KINGPIN'S FISTS TORE THROUGH HIM, CRACKING BONE...

...THE MAN HE THOUGHT HE'D MURDERED IS ALIVE.

SIX HOURS. SPENT SWEATING AND STRAINING, SEEKING THE LIMITS OF HIS OWN IN-HUMAN STRENGTH. SEEKING THAT PLACE PAST THE THOUGHT.

THERE IS NO CORPSE.

WHAT IS IT ABOUT MURDOCK? HE WAS A MINOR CONCERN-- A PROMISING TALENT TO BE OBSERVED AND CATALOGUED AND EVEN OCCASIONALLY FLATTERED--

--AND PERHAPS, ONE DAY, TO BE TURNED TO THE KINGPIN'S WAY--



--BUT HE IS MORE THAN THIS. NOW HE IS MUCH MORE THAN THIS.

HE ALWAYS WAS.

AND I--I HAVE SHOWN HIM...



...THAT A MAN WITHOUT HOPE...

...IS A MAN WITHOUT FEAR.

NEXT: BORN AGAIN